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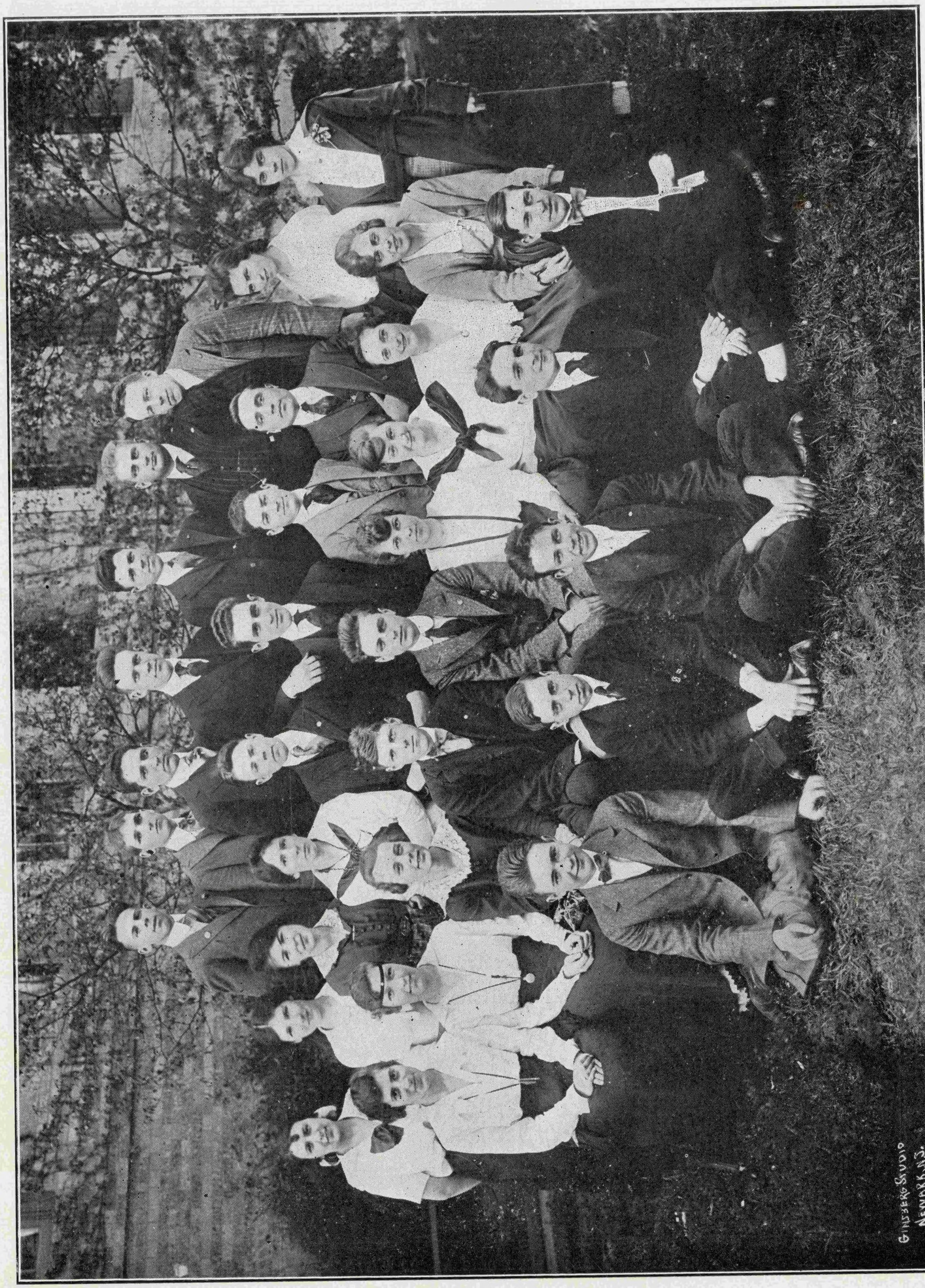
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THURSDAY, JUNE FOURTEENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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Mexican Revenge

By PAUL GLEIM.

"COMPANY, halt!"

Lieutenant Albert Reed of Company C, of the First Regular Infantry of Texas, which was part of the scouting army under command of General Pershing in Mexico, gave this command in a clear, ringing voice. The order was received with a sense of relief and of joy, for the Mexican noon-day sun had done its utmost to make this scouting party, under command of Lieutenant Reed, extremely hot and uncomfortable.

The company had halted about one hundred yards from a Spanish *hacienda,* or in our words, a Spanish plantation, which was usually an isolated farm, upon which stock and produce were raised.

The mansion was a low, beautiful structure, covered with vines, intertwined by fragrant roses. A long, wide driveway, intercepted by a high gateway, led up to the front of the mansion.

"Break ranks!" ordered the lieutenant. "Sergeant Fairbanks, see that nobody strays far off and that no property is damaged."

"Yes, sir," answered Sergeant Fairbanks, saluting.

Sergeant Fairbanks was very jealous of Lieutenant Reed's advancement, and so, since he wished to be at liberty to do as he pleased, he passed the order to a corporal, and strolled into the garden of the *hacienda,* however, so as not to be seen by Reed, who had already set out toward the front of the building.

In answer to Lieutenant Reed's knock at the gate, a servant approached, and asked his wish.

"My request is to see the master of the house," answered Lieutenant Reed, politely.

"Step right in, Señor Americano," said the servant. "I guess my master will see you, since he has nothing to fear from you soldiers."

Lieutenant Reed was ushered into a beautiful, cool parlor. In a few minutes the master of the house, Señor de Reno, made his appearance and bowing slightly, asked:

"Hah, what is your request, my Americano?"

"I just wish a little information regarding the Mexican rear guard, which is said to have passed here recently," answered Lieutenant Reed, eying the Mexican sharply.

"I am sorry, young Señor," he returned, arching his eyebrows, and making an outward gesture with both hands. "But I have not seen any Mexican soldiers in this vicinity in the last two months."

"I am much obliged," answered Lieutenant Reed, making a move toward the door.

"One moment, Señor," interrupted the Señor de Reno. "Would you not join me in drinking a glass of cold tea?"

"I am sorry, but I must decline," answered

Lieutenant Reed. "We must be off instantly—farewell."

"Farewell, Señor Americano," returned the Señor de Reno, as Reed left the mansion.

The lieutenant, being deep in thought, did not observe, that he was traversing the path, which led to the garden of the *hacienda,* until he was interrupted by voices. One seemed to him to be a musical and sweet voice, while the other, he felt sure belonged to Sergeant Fairbanks. Before he could retreat, he heard a lady's pleading voice say:

"Please go! I do not wish the Señor Americano to impose his faithless love upon me. Be gone," she ordered, more sternly, "or I shall have to summon aid."

"You wouldn't resort to any violence, would you?" he heard Sergeant Fairbanks say. "Just one tender—."

"You villain of a dog!" suddenly interrupted the clear, loud voice of Lieutenant Reed, as he burst through the bushes separating them. "You are not worthy of the stripes on your arm. "Begone, before *I* use violence," he commanded, pointing toward the driveway.

"Because you are my superior officer, I obey," said Fairbanks, as he arose from the bench and saluted.

"Oh," sighed the lady, whom we must now know as Viola de Reno, the only daughter of the rich landowner, de Reno. "Your timely interference was a great relief to me," she said, smiling sweetly at the lieutenant.

"I am glad to have been of service to you," asswered Lieutenant Reed, lifting his hat, and smiling in return.

"Will the gallant Americano receive this rose as a token of gratitude?" she asked, as she plucked a beautiful rose from a bush and extended it to the young lieutenant.

"I am highly honored by a gift from such a fair hand," said Lieutenant Reed.

Just then the clear notes of a bugle, interrupted this pleasant conversation.

"I am sorry," said the lieutenant, "but I must be off," and raising her hand to his lips, Lieutenant Reed bade her a hasty farewell and hastened toward the road.

This scene had not been enacted without an observer. For, from behind the same bushes, from which Reed had overheard the previous conversation, Pedro Lanzetto, a very fiery tempered, and dark-complexioned youth, had, to his great surprise and jealousy, observed the parting. Pedro was an ardent admirer of Viola, but her attitude toward him had been reserved and distant.

Dark clouds of anger, foreboding no good toward Lieutenant Reed, gathered upon the brow of the fiery youth.

When Lieutenant Reed reached the road, he found the company arrayed in marching order. Sergeant Fairbanks was hastening to meet him.

"Lieutenant Reed," he announced, as he saluted, "several Mexican scouts have been discovered over yonder ridge."

"Take your post!" ordered Lieutenant Reed, as he hastened to the front rank.

"Company, forward—march!" he ordered, sharply, as he took his place.

"Double-quick—march!" was his next order, as he set the pace.

After covering about half a mile, Lieutenant Reed ordered a halt. No Mexican had been encountered, and he formed his own opinion of the report by Fairbanks. Selecting a cool grove, he ordered dinner to be prepared. After this, the party set out toward the camp.

* * * * * *

About two weeks later, Lieutenant Reed had an unpleasant dream. He dreamed that he was basking in Viola's smiles, and that suddenly the powerful claws of a fierce-looking monster seized him.

The next day was Saturday. The afternoon of that day was open to the soldiers to do as they pleased.

Lieutenant Reed had visited Viola three times since we last met him, and on this Saturday afternoon he decided to pay her another visit.

When he approached the *hacienda,* he met Señor de Reno, who held up his hand meaningly and smiled:

"Hah, Señor Reed, I hope you have a pleasant call."

"Thank you," answered Lieutenant Reed, smiling broadly.

"Farewell, until later," and the Señor went his way.

Lieutenant Reed was received courteously at the *hacienda* by Viola herself.

"Pleasant greetings, Señor Reed," said she, as she extended him her hand.

Viola led him into a cool arbor in the garden, where she had cooling refreshments served for her soldier friend.

The conversation drifted to the American army in Mexico.

"Do you think it right for the American army to be stationed in this country?" asked Viola. "I think either war ought to be declared against Mexico or they should withdraw."

"The trouble is," answered Lieutenant Reed, "that we do not wish to declare war against Mexico, but against Villa. But since Villa is only a private citizen at the head of a rebellious band, we cannot declare war against him."

"I see," said Viola. "Of course we are glad for your protection, but—what's this?" she asked, as a servant approached with a letter, addressed to Lieutenant Reed.

The lieutenant opened it, and both read:

"Your lady friend in Galveston, Texas, who is probably even now thinking of you, would be surprised to find you flirting with a Mexican beauty."

"One Who Knows."

When Viola read the letter, she turned to him, and asked anxiously:

"Is it true that the Señor Reed loves someone else?"

"I love no one, but you," he declared.

"But it says, 'one who knows.'"

"It was probably written by the man who insulted you two weeks ago. He is my social enemy."

"Then it is all right," she declared as they seated themselves and took up again the theme of their interrupted conversation.

But the two did not notice that the sun had already set, and that it was growing dark, until it suddenly dawned upon Reed, that his permit lasted until seven o'clock only. Therefore, making an excuse to that effect to Viola, and bidding her a hasty farewell, he left the garden, and hastened toward the road.

On his way to the camp, he was obliged to pass through a very dark and narrow part of the road. Just as Lieutenant Reed prepared to guard himself, a figure sprang from the bushes with the celerity of a tiger. The figure bore the lieutenant to earth. After a terrific struggle the body of Lieutenant Reed lay lifeless upon the ground, while the panting form of the burly and jealous Mexican towered about it.

"Revenge is sweet," cried Pedro Lanzetto, as he concealed the body in a secluded cave, and then hastened up the road to the *haciendo* de Reno.

As he knocked at the gate, a servant let him in.

When he was ushered into Viola's presence, he exclamed, "I have bad news for you, dear heart. Your lover has been captured by a band of Villa's men."

"Oh, Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed. "My love, my love is snatched away from me!"

Pedro attempted to comfort her, but seeing that his presence seemed to increase her anguish, he left the mansion.

As he was passing through a field toward his own house, he suddenly felt a terrible pain in his ankle. He thrust his hand down to relieve the pain only to be bitten in like manner on the hand.

"A tarantula!" he gasped, in horror, and grew pale.

Presently he became dizzy. He grew faint. He fell. He breathed his last. The poisonous spider had done its work.

Such is the fate of those who seek revenge.

The Man in the Front Seat

By P. A. X.

PAUL SAINT CROIX was dead. His brother officer and classmate, Jacques de Revigny, had murdered him!

Ah, to be sure, no one would accuse him of the murder, but conscience is a terrible thing. That morning while flying at an altitute of five hundred feet, Lieutenant St. Croix's *"petite avion de chasse"* had suddenly turned over and dropped like a plummet.

Now, de Revigny sat in his apartments at *"Les Quartiers des Officers,"* cold perspiration beading his brow, a vision of two tiny file marks on a galvanized rudder were dancing before his staring eyes. Now that it was too late, he would have given his life to undo his treachery. Had not Paul and he roomed together at *L'Academie Militaire?* Was not Paul his best friend? Had he forgotten that summer's day, long years before when St. Croix, then a mere lad had saved him from drowning in the creek at *Chateau de Jaigny?* What had the quiet young aviator ever done to de Revigny to cause him to thus snuff out his life? Ah, that was it. That was it. They both loved the beautiful Marcelle Montmorte, Comptess de Roye. Now that St. Croix was dead, de Revigny would marry her. Yes, that was reward enough for killing ten St. Croix.

But, could that silence the small voice of conscience, which continually kept the vision of filed rudder wires before Jacques?

Bah! He'd soon forget that. He would have Jean wheel out his *"petite marmot"* for a spin in the clouds to clear his head. What did a soldier have to have a conscience for anyway?

Well bundled in chamois coats, de Revigny climbed into the rear seat of his two passenger monoplane, waved his hand to Jean, his mechanic, and pulled the motor controls.

The powerful Nieuport jumped forward, gliding over the smooth surface of the landing stage for two hundred feet, then gracefully rose in a smooth curve.

Higher and higher she climbed, soaring round and round in a spiral.

When the dial registered two thousand feet, de Revigny lowered his rudder, at the same time accelerating his motor. The Nieuport tore through the air. Mile after mile reeled off behind it. My, that was living! He mounted higher giving his motor the maximum gas. The wind became a blast. His goggles became fogged.

Suddenly—what was that! Had his mechanic come along in spite of contrary orders? No. But someone was riding in the front seat. Nonsense! How could there be?

The aviator nervously rubbed his goggles. No

one had been there when he started. Still he distinctly saw the head and shoulders of a man swathed in a fur coat, sitting in his mitrailleur's seat. The figure ahead turned around part way. Its face was masked with a wind veil. It slowly raised its right arm and leveled it at de Revigny, the index finger extended. The wind veil fluttered aside. *"Mon Dieu!* It's St. Croix's ghost! Paul, Paul, don't haunt me—don't. I didn't mean to, I swear I didn't!"

The figure in the front seat slowly faded into thin air. The Nieuport hurtled onward at a mad pace, swaying dizzily from side to side, for de Revigny sat paralyzed, unable to move a finger.

Suddenly the monoplane ran into a pocket, rocked dangerously for a moment then turning over endwise, plunged toward the earth, far below.

As it neared the ground it began to revolve slowly upon its longer axis. At the third revolution, the driver fell from his seat. Then a crash and—darkness.

Such is the terrible power of conscience.

* * * * * *

But Paul St. Croix was not dead. At the first hasty examination after his bleeding body had been pulled out of the fast burning wreck of his monoplane, the surgeons had failed to detect a slight fluttering of his heart.

Weeks passed. Paul's life hung by a thread. A sharp bamboo strut had penetrated and splintered in his side, and he suffered from concussion of the brain. But the surgeons fought hard, and as the long warm days of spring drew near, they began to win. He gained slowly, but still he gained.

It was the 25th of June. At two in the afternoon, a small monoplane rose over the Champs D'Aviation and headed southward.

It left the smoky, troop filled towns of Doulaincourt and Vignory far astern. At four o'clock Boissy St. Chatel disappeared under her wings. Still she flew southward.

Just as the sun was setting in the west, three snow white towers rose skyward from the midst of a grove of trees, about five miles ahead of the aeroplane. Quickly eating up the remaining distance, the aviator shut off his power and volplaned to earth, bounding along over a close clipped lawn. The machine came to rest near an ornamented iron picket gate in the stone wall which bordered the estate. Over the gate on a brass scroll were the words "Chateau De Roye."

"Children of God"

By Irving Gibson Idler.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the green hills. The air was still, not a murmur broke the silence as the day was drawing to a close. The mountains of the Vosges now looked quiet and peaceful, yet less than six hours previous the very hills shook with the thunder of battle. But six hours previous these hills swarmed with the fighting men and demon war engines of the great powers. The Allies had launched their new spring drive with great success in the Vosges region. The opposing Teutons had slowly but surely been forced from their position on the hillside. Now, the scene of the conflict had moved farther on.

At the opening of the large engagement a detachment of Uhlans on outpost duty chanced to fall in with a small body of French horsemen in a small clearing on one of the Vosges hills. These opposing detachments fought with as much spirit as armies of millions would have shown. After the first shock in which several were seen to fall on both sides, the Uhlans withdrew hastily to their own lines. At the same time a terrific cannonade opened a few miles away. The French horsemen, everready for duty reluctantly left their dead and rode quickly to the scene of action. The battle had moved farther and farther on until the sounds of shot and shell could no longer be heard.

In this small clearing lay several motionless bodies. Here a German, there a Frenchman. One, a young captain of the Ninth French Horse Guards, was lying in the center of the field with a bullet through his shoulder, a sabre thrust through his thigh. His young face, worn and haggard from the privation of war, showed that he was suffering great pain. He had been unconscious. How long, he did not know. He remembered the fight. Why did not his comrades come and pick him up? Hearing no sound of battle he concluded that his fellow soldiers had been needed elsewhere and had left him behind. He grasped his canteen and quenched his thirst. At that moment he was stirred from his thoughts by a groan.. The captain, weak from loss of blood, drew himself up on his one uninjured shoulder and looked in the direction of the sound. There he saw a German, *a hated German,* a few feet from him whose face was covered with blood which flowed from a wound on his head. His uniform showed him to be a Lieutenant of the Twenty-third Imperial Uhlans. The man appeared to be in intense agony. He repeated his groan and noticing the Frenchman murmured, "Water."

His enemy at first was disinclined to grant the German's request for there was very little

water in his canteen. But the soldier of France thought!

Just forty-seven years ago his father, then a lad of eighteen, had joined the forces of Marshall MacMahon to resist the Prussian advance of 1870. The soldiers of France had departed for the front in excellent spirits. The short space of one week had changed all this. When the Prussian advance hit the French lines, the latter had wavered. They had broken! The Germans had rapidly advanced into French territory. One afternoon his father, while fighting bravely to defend a bridge over the Marne, had been struck down by a bullet which pierced his shoulder. He had lain in agony for several hours when the German units, who had kept up their steady advance, passed by. Following the fighting forces a hospital detachment had come. They had been hustling to reach the front in order to relieve those of their comrades who had fallen in the murderous fire. As his father had seen them passing by, he could not help uttering a sharp cry. A surgeon had noticed him, was about to pass by in order to reach his own men without delay, but suddenly he had halted and had come over to his wounded father. The surgeon had quickly bandaged him and had then hurried on.

As those thoughts passed through the young soldier's mind he glanced at the Teuton who appeared to be dying fast. He remembered his father had once said, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The Frenchman painfully drew himself close to the German and placed the canteen to his lips. The suffering man grasped it eagerly. He gazed up in the good Samaritan's face and, although too weak to speak, the expression of gratitude which shone on his face made the young captain glad he had given him the water.

Just a few moments later the German closed his eyes and breathed his last. The captain turned away. It was the first time the death of an enemy had affected him so. What a cruel thing war was! Perhaps a shot from his own pistol had pierced the head of the German lying dead beside him. He shuddered at the thought!

His own strength was fast ebbing away and he could no longer remain raised upon his elbow. His throat was parched. He grasped his canteen and raised it to his lips. It was empty. As he dropped it beside him he closed his eyes and softly murmured, "It does not matter. We are of the same stuff—Children of God!"

"The Choice and Select Suburbs of Harrison"

By P. A. T.

"WELL, it can't be done!"

"Well, if you weren't so blamed stubborn, it *would* be done, and inside of an hour, at that! You little imp, I'd like to shake you!"

They were arguing over the same thing again. It had been a continuous performance every night since they had become engaged. They were arguing whether or not they should become one the next day. Each night they would argue, and each night Jane would say, "I think we'd better wait a while, but in the meanwhile talk to me, Bob."

So they would go out on the roomy porch, and dream "day dreams" of future happiness.

But to-night Bobbie meant business. He sat swaying dangerously on the banister, one hand in his pocket, and the other fussing from tie to hair, and from hair to collar. His snub-nose, which he abhorred, was pointed more directly heavenward than ever. He had once said of his mouth, "Sometime, if something strikes me especially funny, I'll grin so much that my face'll get lost." Now, that same mouth was screwed up in an unmistakable pout.

"Bossy Jane," as he called her, was curled up hostily in a big wicker chair. One could easily see that she was quite in a mood for an argument, and the expression of her face could scarce be called amicable.

"Bobbie—don't bother me!" she said in a drawling voice, as if trying to curb the questionings of a small school boy. Then she added in a coaxing tone, as though she were trying to bring him to her point of view, but quite expecting him to refuse to be brought, "Now, you know its over five years since Dad disappeared and there's perfect proof that he's dead. Within two months I shall have the use of his money, and, as I've always said I wanted to really do something before I got married, you might just as well wait, and I'll be completing my plans to build that nice, big—"

"Now, Jane, I'm telling you once and for all, I refuse to have a wealthy wife on my hands. You may make up your mind that I won't allow you to touch a penny of that money after we're married. I'm not a millionaire but I'm making a decent living, and have a dandy chance for advancement, and you've got to keep within my means."

You see, Bob had an excellent position in the Roger and Smith Specialty Co. He had set his signature, in behalf of his concern, on many a contract which Dobbs, of Dobbs Novelty Co., had burned the mid-night oil trying to get. He may have been a very boyish lover but he was a mighty good business man.

Now, the Dobbs estate was separated from

Jane William's house merely by about four feet of alley and a tall hedge, although there were copious grounds in depth behind both houses.

Dobbs had been strolling in his gardens and was walking slowly out of the alley when he over-heard a conversation between Jane and Bob.

He deliberately sat down beneath the hedge and listened! Well, why not? Bob had never told a soul except Jane how much he had inherited from his uncle. In fact he *seemed* to ignore the fact entirely. He was a good business man and was probably planning to invest his money profitably. Now, Dobbs had a little money to invest and of course if he got a good tip he'd feel all the chippier about it.

The couple were chatting gaily and Dobbs was getting drowsy when he hard something which had the same effect upon him as Haydn's "Surpise Symphony" had upon the Lords and Ladies. They were actually planning how to invest their money. After much merriment and laughter, which seemed rather out of place while on such a vital topic, it was decided that, as Bob had all the ready money that Uncle had left him, he would buy up a large tract of meadow land in the "choice and select suburbs of Harrison," as the real estate sign read, and to this Jane would add a long low factory where Bobs many small inventions would be manufactured. Of course, they would have to have the swamp land as they needed a great deal of ground. The thing had to be done quickly if the plant was to be ready to receive raw materials by the first of the year.

The next day found Dobbs puffing and weary from the heat entering the small office of the real estater—the one whose door sign read, "For sale—Choice and Select lots in the Suburbs of Harrison." He had drawn every cent he could possibly get from his property and had heavily mortgaged his factory. And now for the final plunge. It was a great risk, a risk which meant either complete ruin or great fortune. Should he do it? Some men had staked and—LOST. Yet, why not? Many a man had staked and—WON.

His chances were the best. Bob Byrnes had to have the property. Hadn't Bob said so to Jane and didn't he know that Jane was going to have at her disposal her father's huge fortune? Surely he could get every dollar that Bob's uncle had left him and probably some of Jane's money in return for the much desired land. It was positively a money making proposition.

Two hours later Mr. Dobbs, in the privacy of his own library, was rubbing his hands over the deeds which made the meadow lands his own. Soon Bob would be coming to him offering double or perhaps triple the cost.

A few weeks passed and Dobbs was in a tight place for money. He had seen Bob many times and in every deal that they were both involved Bob always "put one over on him." And still Bob had said nothing of the "choice and select suburbs of Harrison."

One day Byrnes came to him with a proposition which made him simply fume with anger. The thing was stated bluntly enough. It was this:

Dobbs was Roger and Smith's competitor. He was gradually going to smash. Roger and Smith's sales were greater than their outputting capacity. The Dobbs factory was a modern one, and as it would take some time for a good one to be built it would be a good thing for both parties if they were to combine in one corporation.

The plan was rejected.

Three weeks later the whole town was agog over the latest sensation. Jane Williams and Robert Byrnes had gotten married quietly. On her wedding day Jane had given the whole of her fortune to establish Red Cross Stations in France.

Dobbs was astonished, horrified, and completely bewildered. Why had not Bob bought? Why had the money which should have relieved him of his burden been so recklessly given away?

He was on the verge of bankruptcy, and now Bob's proposition of incorporation appeared to him as a haven of refuge.

Utterly beaten he went to Bob who now held an interest in the Company and made plans for the transaction.

After all was settled he could contain himself no longer. He told Bob the whole story of how he had bought up the swamp land in hopes of having Bob make him a high offer for it.

Bob exclaimed, "Why, man alive, we were only day-dreaming, Jane and I, when you overheard us! I never had enough money in all my life to buy that land, and Jane—why, Jane wanted to build a hospital, not a factory!"

"But how about all that money your uncle left you that you've been so close-mouthed about?"

"Why my dear fellow, the reason why I never said anything about it was that my uncle left me the huge sum of $50."

"Somewhere in England"

"BUT the—the horror of it all!" In a stifling, sobbing breath, the words were blurted forth, though a look of pity so characteristic of Iola Milburn was the only visible expression of any turmoil within, "ah, but the horrors you must learn to endure," supplemented a stately young nurse standing near by. "But," she continued in a steady tone, "think of the young men, how gallantly and fearlessly, they left their homes, their loved ones, and for that matter, left what to them seemed sweet life itself. They left all—to find war." Patricia's voice carried an air of conviction as she added, "Remember, sis, it is our privilege to care for these suffering, wounded, soldiers, in a kindly way; satisfying in part at least, that longing desire for the presence of a loved one who would truly care."

"I know—er—I mean," interrupted Iola, startled by the weight and strength of her sister's words.

"You thought, dear," corrected Patricia, "that a pretty, dainty, spotlessly white-clad young miss, constituted a nurse. You dreamed of how elegantly the bandages, the gauze, could be fingered; though it never occurred to you that the surgical dressings were for binding up wounds, bitter and painful, inflicted on the fields of battle."

There was absolute silence for a brief second. Meanwhile, Patricia was regarding her sister rather critically. Her voice lowered as she concluded, "Sis, my dear, more is required if one would in truth be a nurse, and yet maintain all her womanly, idealistic traits. But," this in a manner-of-fact tone, "the situation I duly considered before I sent for you, when I asked mother's permission and dared to confront you with that which I have found to be duty." With this, she vainly forced back a tear, as she caught a glimpse of her mother's picture on the small stand. After all, had it not been the careful, efficient training of that mother, which finally induced her to take up medical science and thus do her share? The same picture had carried her triumphantly, time and again, over many a rocky road, when clouds of fear and doubt were thickest. Indeed, she owed it all to mother.

Silence again played its part successfully.

"And if I stay," faltered Iola, a questioning look in her eyes, "surely you'll arrange it so as to be with me."

"Yes, sis until you understand how to manage things here; for as I've explained; shortly after I entered this hospital, I was urged to take the responsibility of head nurse. Yesterday, however, Dr. Gray received a request for an efficient nurse elsewhere; I have been ordered there; and also asked to select some other nurse to fill the vacancy. This I realized, would make a change in the routine of work as each girl had a definite task before her. It was then I thought of you as capable of continuing my work here, after a little breaking in. Now, then sis, cheer up." She gently tapped Iola's shoulder, and bade her make ready for the night watch. They would both take charge of ward number 10, until twelve o'clock, when they would be released for the rest of the night.

The first hour of morning found Patricia and Iola peacefully slumbering in their small room, which lacked all the trivial accessories of a society girl's boudoir. Only such pieces of furniture and articles as were absolutely necessary, found a place in this room. Even though the patrician spirit within them rebelled, the girls repressed their feeling of privation.

The next day, no unusual event took place in St. B— Hospital, save that the head nurse left rather abruptly. To Iola, however, this was, as she later expressed, "an occasion which tested and tried me." Hereafter, she must use what little strength and backbone she had, for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Time does fly! It is Iola's fifth week in the hospital. She has become thoroughly acquainted with the place, patients, and people. No doubtful, careworn look finds time to settle on Iola's face, rather does she now display a loving, serviceable attitude.

That night, in particular, she was given an opportunity to bring to light her true self. The day had been a busy one, but her small white cot stretched inviting arms as she at length lay down to rest. On and on she slept, to be suddenly awakened by a ringing, buzzing bell. Somewhat startled, she arose and hastened to Dr. Gray's office from whence the call had come. A glance at the group as she entered, foretold a serious event. As she took a seat near the door, she heard Dr. Gray, the old fatherly physician, making an urgent plea for a nurse to go to trench 21, where a number of soldiers, had an hour previously resisted a terrible advance on the part of the enemy, not without the shedding of blood. He also warned the nurses that before volunteering to go, they should consider the matter carefully. It was a case of life and death! Without a doubt, someone had to go. A whisper here and there, was heard among the nurses. "Shall I go?" "And never come back?" "Oh, someone else will go perhaps." Such were the remarks from the group, similar remarks from all but one—Iola Milburn. She was already approaching Dr. Gray's desk where taking up a pen, and glancing with sorrow at the spectators, she signed, after receiving some information as to the place, and her companion-to-be, Dr. Hilton,

who, as all knew, was admired for the many sacrifices the young man had made, Iola pulled a small cloak over her shoulders and disappeared.

Presently her footsteps were audible from the stairway—the front door closed emphatically and she was gone. Everything was quiet now. The small window in Iola's room framed a picture far in the distance, a never to be forgotten scene, Iola Milburn and Dr. Hilton pressing on through the night, to their common goal—"Duty."

Reminiscences of a Latin Student

By Burke Boyce.

DING-a-ling-a-ling!

The bell rang, drowning out a noise suspiciously like a sigh which arose from the Latin class *"en masse."* But as the professor had not as yet put in an appearance, all might be well. The class indulged in a little sociability.

"Is the Roman here to-day?"

"Sure. Think he'd be absent?"

"No, but you don't have to be so all-fired cheerful about it."

"Oh, well, might as well make the best of a bad proposition."

"That's the best way."

"Say, translate this for me, will you?"

"*'Cum voluptate.'* Here goes: 'Cæsar, when he had the nerve, fell into the river and left camp; then he-he-er—"

"Say, you don't know what you are talking about."

"What if I don't, you didn't ask me if I knew the thing."

But now the watchers at the door announced the approach of the professor, and all was still. A moment later the famous Roman entered, sweeping the room with a practiced, piercing glance.

"Well, well," he remarked in a low, even voice, "once more this distinguished company is met to offer up slain English upon the altars of 'Cæsar's Commentaries.'"

He walked across the front of the room and took his seat behind the desk.

"If I may be so heartless, how many of you have prepared your lesson for to-day?"

About six hands went up.

"Wonderful! Very encouraging, very indeed. We will now proceed. Tompkins, will you do us the great favor of leading the onslaught?"

Tompkins, thus challenged, got slowly to his feet, tightened his belt, took up his book, gulped, and began.

"Cæsar-er-having thrown up—fortifications-eh-before the camp—um—now said himself to be about to be attacked—on the flank—and—er—in the nerves. However, notwithstanding, nevertheless—"

"That will do, Tompkins. I see you have at least a general knowledge of the thing. Oh, by the way, 'Nerviis' happens to mean 'by the Nervii,' and not 'in the nerves.' Now let us see how you have prepared yourself for a battle with syntax. Top of the page, first word, gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerund."

"Good. Excellent. Third line, second word, gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerundive."

"Sixth line, fifth word, which?"

"Gerund—ive."

"Now why is it, class, that when a boy has a perfectly good alternating system, he doesn't stick to it?" asked the Roman with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I really meant the gerund, sir" Tompkins hastened to say.

"Dear me, really?"

"Positive, sir."

"It WAS the gerundive. That will do. And now my friends, permit me to suggest that you learn and conquer these ever-appearing enemies. You will most certainly have them on the exam., and, although you may not suspect it, I am really desirous that you pass. Let us proceed. Brown, will you favor us with your version of the translation? I am sure that it will be exceedingly interesting.

Brown, inwardly praying for inspiration, rose.

"In front of the camp—was a—a—river, in which he placed three feet—I mean, that is, he placed his feet in three rivers—or rather, he placed three rivers on his feet—no, that's wrong; it should be, he rivered the place with his feet—oh, gosh!"

And Brown sat down in disgust.

"Too bad, too bad," came the voice of the Roman in sorrowful tones, "you must learn to swim, Brown, then the mere presence of a river in the translation will not drown you out. But we are not advancing as we should. Let us review the situation: Cæsar has built a camp on the banks of a wide, rather shallow river. Across the river are the Nervii and their allies. These Nervii are at this moment preparing to dash across the river and attack the camp. It was a very tense moment to Cæsar, and, doubtless, is the same to many of you. But be calm, you will not all have to translate this passage. I will relieve your anxieties. Thornall, will you lead the charge?"

Thornall began.

"Cæsar sent ahead the cavalry to cross the river. These began battle with the cavalry of

the Nervii. Then, when—er—when—they—had—."

"What has happened, Thornall?" inquired the Roman. "Is the charge too swift for you to keep up with on foot, or has your horse failed you?"

"Pardon me, sir." Thornall tried to appear injured but dignified amid the roars of the class. "Pardon me, but I don't use a pony. I don't think it is exactly fair for you to accuse me of such a thing."

"Well, well, maybe it wasn't. Maybe you are right. Charge on."

"These Nervii, when they had retreated into the leafy fastness of the forests, and had again made an attack upon our men, retreated, and our men did not dare follow up the withdrawing enemy. In the meanwhile, six legions, which had arrived first—."

"Just a minute, Thornall." The Roman was very serious this time. "How does it happen that the translation you just gave tallies exactly with the translation in one of the many ponies I have collected during my strenuous career?"

Thornall seemed a little flustered. "Why, why—I don't know. I—just like to put a little extra into the translations to give them life, you might say. You see, I am rather apt to let my imagination run away with me, and I like to see the thing happening as I read, so I suppose it seems a little vivid to you. It's funny that translation should be like that of a pony, isn't it? But you see I—."

The Roman cut him short.

"Thornall, I feel sorry for you. You'll never pass this grade unless you stop using a pony, and I'm going to make you stop it. In the meantime, you may come in for an hour or so tonight and let your imagination run away with you. In other words, come in and write out the translation. That will do."

Thornall collapsed.

"Miss MacGregor."

Miss MacGregor disdained to rise.

"Odd how trying this weather is, is it not?" remarked the Roman. "Either the students seem too tired to rise, or, once risen, too tired to translate."

After this remark, he began to look over his records. The class gritted its teeth and looked at the clock.

"Ye gods! Only twenty-five minutes gone! Twenty minutes more!!"

"Weatherly recite," came the voice of Fate.

The Class breathed again. Weatherly was one of the stars.

He rose and translated, taking the Nervii across the river making them attack the baggage train of the Romans and fall upon those who were fortifying the camp. The Roman then began to quiz the boy on syntax.

"Third line, second word, gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerund."

"Wrong. Fifth line, reason for subjunctive?"

"Result."

"Wrong again."

"Oh, I know, its purpose."

"Very good, considering it had to be one of the two. Try again. Principal parts of the verb 'latebant.'"

"—er—Lateo, latere—lasi—laptum."

"Weatherly, you had better stop talking. You are only wasting perfectly good time. Why don't you go out and root for the football team instead of trying to do Latin? Sit down, sit down.

Thus did the Roman humble the great and mighty, lest they should feel superior.

And next the timid little Miss Baxter was called to her feet to face the ordeal.

"Many things," she began, keeping one eye on the book and one on the dreaded Roman, "Many things had to be done at once by Cæsar: the ensigns set up, the tubes taken on time—."

"WHAT!!", exclaimed the Roman, startled out of his usual calm.

"Why—I—I—the tubes—oh—er—uh!"

And little Miss Baxter, nearly in tears, sat down.

The first part was perfect, Miss Baxter," said the Roman kindly, "but you seemed to go under on the tube. But you have tried, I see, so I will give you a six, at any rate. Miss Durfree, may we have the pleasure of listening to your translation?"

Miss Durfree fumbled a bit with her book, then rose. She alone of all the class seemed confident, seemed to have a little knowledge of what she was doing.

"Shall I begin where she left off, sir?" she asked, the light of triumph in her eyes.

"Yes, please. You may take the next tube, answered the Roman, and now the indomitable Peggy Durfree was translating.

'The ensigns had to be set up, the signals given on the *trumpet,* the soldiers recalled from the work, the battle line drawn up, the signals again given. The shortness of the time, and the onrush of the enemy impeded a great part of these—"

"Just a minute, Miss Durfree," interrupted the Roman, "the passage which you are so ably translating happens to be on the *left* side of the book and you appear to be reading from the *right* side. Please explain the phenomenon."

"Why, you see, I—that is, I think you must have made a mistake, sir," answered the young lady with a bewitching smile. "It certainly is impossible to read on one side of the page and translate on the other."

"I quite agree with you, but don't you think that—er—you had better confess that you are committing the unpardonable offense of reading

directly from a pony right under the eyes of the teacher, so to speak?"

"I hardly know how to answer you, professor," Peggy announced with a frigid tone of voice, "I am most disagreeably—"

"But you might hold up your book when translating as you have been translating," again interrupted the Roman, "for you see, when you let your book sag, I can see the pony browsing quietly upon the pages of Cæsar's Commentaries. Miss Durfree, you may keep Thornall company. That will do. And, now, class, as we are approaching the end of the period, will someone offer to translate the next passage at sight? Don't be nervous, you will not be asked to translate if you do not desire to, and you will not be marked. Do you want to try it, Gerard? Well, go ahead."

Gerard, although rated as a 'dead one,' was gifted with a lively imagination, and what is known as the "gift of gab." Consequently, when he saw the words *"His difficultatibus duae res erant subsi dio scientia atque usus—"* he started his translation with a flourish: "The king, after a difficult duel, shinned up a house—."

The Roman shot one eyebrow toward the ceiling, grasped the desk with both his hands, knocked over his chair and rose, staring incredulously at the text as though it had come to life. But Gerard, interested in his translation, gave no heed to his teacher's actions. The tale ran on, leaping phrases and even clauses, changing whatever did not suit its needs, undismayed by the sudden arising of hostile verbs, shaping and using a theme of its own, startling, awe-inspiring, smashing!!

The Roman, utterly swamped, finally managed to emit a sound halfway between a squeak and a gurgle. Gerard looked up.

"Shall I stop, sir?"

"No indeed. And don't mind us."

Gerard, reassured, swept on. This time the tale was clearer, more precise. It pictured an athletic contest between the Nervii and the Romans, in which Cæsar favored the company with a Highland Fling. But alas, the bell rang, and Gerard, finishing the page with a rushing account of a hurdle race, sat down, perfectly calm, and looking well pleased with himself.

"Quite a race, was it not?" inquired the Roman. Very well done, Gerard. Very interesting, indeed. And now class, let me suggest that you come totally prepared to-morrow. You may not have Gerard to save you every day. Besides the exams. are approaching. Now, considering that the next passage is a little difficult, we will take only half a page to-morrow—excused."

One on Dad

By Ethel L. Stickle.

MR. MALROSE, the sole occupant of the drawing room of his home, was impatiently walking from one end of the room to the other. His head was continually shaking as if refusing a request. A scowl every now and then crossed his face, followed by more shakings of his head.

The door opened softly, but not too softly for Mr. Malrose to hear it. He turned at the first click of the knob.

"Did you send for me, Dad?" questioned a good-looking girl, as she entered. Her eyes fairly shone with mischief.

"Of course I did, Helen, and it is very foolish of you to ask," growled the old man.

"Well, proceed then, Dad," she answered as a roguish smile passed over her face. Evidently she thought she knew what was coming.

"I want to tell you just this—" yelled the old man as he vigorously pounded the table. "I want you to stop running around town with that young scrapegrace I've heard so much about."

"Why, Dad, it's only Mr.—"

"Stop! I don't give a rap for any man except Lord Percival. You are to marry him and he will object to your gadding about with other men."

"Father, I don't like him as much as Mr. Br—"

"This love is all bosh," he broke in. "What does a girl your age know about her future welfare? Lord Percival is the man that can best provide for your future. Of course, you do not realize it now, but I have had more experience and am better fitted to judge than you. Some day you will thank me for this judgment. Now, Helen, go do your lessons and put all thoughts of love out of your head."

With this Helen slowly withdrew to her room, but not to study. She could not concentrate her mind on her lessons for, although only eighteen, she was earnestly in love.

Four weeks passed and still reports of Helen's mysterious escort reached Mr. Malrose. He was greatly disturbed over them and was in doubt as to what course he should take to put a stop to such actions. Finally he called for Helen and put her through the third degree. She was as firmly set in her views as her father was in his. At last, he rang for the butler.

"James," he commanded, "go tell Richard that I wish to see him."

Richard came immediately as he knew his master was excited and the least hesitation on his

part would probably mean the loss of his position as chauffeur.

"Richard," began Mr. Malrose, after the chauffeur had entered. "I am in serious trouble and I think you can help me. Helen has been going around town with a man who is entirely unknown to me. She is to be married to Lord Percival in a short time. She says that she loves that young rascal, whoever he is, but she is so young that she really doesn't know her own mind. As luck would have it, I've never seen them together or I would have put a stop to this foolishness then and there. All that I know has come from reports of outsiders. I am sure if Lord Percival heard it he would have nothing more to do with us."

"What is it you would like me to do, sir?" questioned Richard.

"I want you to keep Helen in your sight the entire time she is out. Wherever she goes you must go. Allow no man to communicate with her except Lord Percival and yourself, unless I am present. This will be likely to continue for a period covering from three to six months. If you do well in the execution of my command I shall give you a suitable reward and raise your salary. If I find no improvement, I shall dismiss you," he warned.

On his way out Richard met Helen. She smiled as he winked at her. After the door had closed, her father told her what he had done. Of course she looked angry, but was she?

Everything went along smoothly. No reports about Helen and her unknown escort came to Mr. Malrose. Helen always appeared happy and her father thought the affair settled.

One day a business acquaintance of Mr. Malrose visited him at his office. Mr. Malrose welcomed him heartily, for he had not seen him since he last visited Chicago, over a year before. While the two sat talking, the conversation turned to the subject of matrimony. Mr. Hoyt's daughter, Ruth, was engaged to a young lawyer from Chicago. Mr. Hoyt seemed extremely pleased with his daughter's choice. He said that he would a thousand times rather have a young American for his son-in-law than an English fortune-hunting nobleman. He then proceeded to tell of such a one who had resided in Chicago about two years before.

"An English nobleman who was supposed to have just come from England was introduced to Miss Eliot-Smythe, of Chicago. Her father was the head of the largest bank there. This nobleman became infatuated with the girl and frequented her home. After a year's acquaintance they became engaged. The marriage was to have taken place the next year. Not long after the announcement of the engagement Eliot-Smythe's bank failed. The family dreaded to tell the fiance. Naturally he found it out in another way and left without a word. Nothing has been heard of him since that day."

Mr. Malrose questioned his friend as to the name. It was Sir Tremont. He then told Mr.. Hoyt of his trouble with Helen, of the penalty, and, last but not least, of Lord Percival. Soon they left for the Malrose home.

As they were riding in the limousine along Fifth Avenue, they passed a rather distinguished-looking personage, who was standing upon a street corner. Mr. Malrose ordered the chauffeur to turn and go back so that Mr. Hoyt might see this remarkable person for he was Lord Percival.

As they passed again Mr. Hoyt took a good look at him. He stared at him intently, then turned to Helen's father.

"Why, he's the scoundrel who was engaged to Miss Eliot-Smythe."

"I doubt it for he has only been here shortly over a year," said Mr. Malrose.

"You doubt it! I am sure it is he. I have met him several times looking exactly as he does now."

Mr. Malrose meditated for a few minutes.

"Are you quite positive?" he inquired of Mr. Hoyt.

"I would swear to it," was the answer.

"Probably that is the reason why he has been so inquisitive as to the success of my business. Whenever the question of money comes up he is always very much interested," thoughtfully spoke Mr. Malrose.

"I greatly appreciate your help in disillusioning me. I am sure that I agree with you regarding unmarried noblemen. I am glad to have found out who Lord Percival, *alias* Sir Tremont, and likely a dozen other names, really is. This may make my treatment of Helen different. She'll be grateful to you for she never thought much of that rascal anyway."

The next day Mr. Malrose sent for Helen to come to the drawing room. She could not imagine what he wanted. She knew that she had done nothing wrong. She had been doing as he had commanded her to do; Richard would attest to this. After quietly entering the room she softly asked her father why he had sent for her. He then told her about Lord Percival. The room was hardly large enough to hold her for she was so happy. Her father, after a silence, spoke, telling her that he had decided to allow her her freedom. He sent for Richard to tell him of the decision. Helen went to tell her mother how happy she was.

"Richard," Mr. Malrose began, "you have done your duty well. I shall reward you for it. I have decided to give Helen her freedom again. I shall live up to my promise to raise your salary and reward you. Now since this is the first chance I've had to talk to you, tell me about yourself and the reason why you became a chauffeur."

"Well, you see my father lost all of his money in a tricky deal by one of his agents. You know

he was the head of Brower & Co., in Philadelphia. I had to do something to support my mother and sisters after father died. His end was hastened by his failure. This was the surest way of earning money because I knew how to run a car. Please don't think that I am content with being a chauffeur. I am studying law in my spare time and in a short time I hope to find a place."

Mr. Malrose sat in deep thought. "I tell you what I'll do as a reward. I'll give you a place in our firm. You'll have a chance to rise there. We need men like you."

They decided when Richard was to start in his new position. His salary was substantially increased. Suddenly Helen entered the room. She paused when she saw Richard. Her father bade her sit by him as he told the story of Percival to Richard whose face fairly beamed.

"Now, all I want is to find a man, an American this time, whom I think worthy of Helen's love," ended Mr. Malrose.

Richard looked at Helen as she started to speak. "Well-l-l, Dad," she faltered, "I-I-I don't —think—you'll have to look. I'm already engaged."

"What!" cried her father. "Richard, I thought I told you never to let her communicate with any other man."

"I didn't, sir, and I don't think I ever shall, for you see, I'm the man to whom she is engaged."

Slowly a smile came across Mr. Malrose's face. Both Helen and Richard knew that he was not angry. "Well, Helen, I think you knew better than your old dad, anyway. I wish you the best of luck, Richard, and I shall use all my influence to advance you. Believe me, children, that was certainly 'One on Dad.'"

My Garden—Before and After

By Lillian S. Pomeroy.

I am sitting in my garden in the south of sunny
France,
With the sunbeams shedding 'round me all their
beauty, to enhance
The brilliancy of color in the brightly blooming
flowers
Which are forming—all unknowingly—a score
of elfin bowers.

2.

How the wind goes rushing blithely through the
blossom laden trees
Showering down white clouds of petals, dallying
softly in the breeze!
How the blue sky smiles, the murmuring pines
croon happily all day
As Nature holds the springtime world within
her gentle sway!

3.

At dusk I sit in raptured awe to see a moth float
near
'Tis green, the smitten green of some still mountain mere
A shimmering, shivering, misty green; a form
of sheerest gauze.
Why slip away? Oh, stay with me for just the
briefest pause!

4.

The colors of the sunset fade into a golden hue
With dashes of faint amethyst that pierce it
through and through.
The twilight seems a benediction spreading over
all;—
Unconsciously I bless mankind—the elves—my
garden small.

* * * * * *

5.

A year has passed, again I sit within this garden
mine.
My sight is gone—the war, you know—but why
should I repine?
A countless number still fight on for principles
held dear—
Perhaps 'twere better I had died—I am *so* useless here!

6.

Although I may not see the blossoms fall in
snowy rifts,
What a faint, evasive perfume rises softly from
the drifts!
How it takes my wearied spirit to Japan's quaint,
orient shore
Where the cherry petals swirl around the temples evermore!

7.

I cannot see the lovely moth come drifting o'er
the wall,
He cannot lift from off mine eyes their heavy
leaden pall
I feel his wings so greenly cool as he flutters in
each day
And from my throbbing temples seems to flick
the heat away.

8.

I *almost see* the little elves of wond'rous fairy
hue
I *hear* their scurrying footsteps tripping o'er
the freshening dew.
And as they circle nearer in the deep'ning twilight glow
Perhaps they'll breathe a prayer for me—because I need it so.

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NEWARK, N. J., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1917.

THAT SPRING DRIVE!

That spring drive of ours which we launched some time ago is coming to a close. We are on the threshold of the spring exams. *Success* or *Failure* will come in the next two weeks. Which shall it be for you? Perhaps you are tired out after the strenuous doings of the last school year, perhaps you are going to take a chance with the exams and trust to luck that *you* will get questions *you* know, you will then presume to take it easy and rest on your oars hoping that your previous work will carry you across the finish line a winner. *No!* You have just *one chance in ten!!* Why take that chance? Make up your mind that your hard work of the term shall not go for naught. A few hours extra study is better than another term of that subject or summer school. Perhaps you would rather spend the summer at Barringer rather than on some cool beach. *Perhaps not!* Make up your mind now! It is the final punch that counts. Make that spring drive end with a bang!

If you must have excitement use your imagination. Let us suppose German represents Germany, Latin is the ugly Turk, Mathematics is symbol of the Dual Monarchy, and Science the Bulgar kingdom. You can be Uncle Sam in this little game. Now, let's see what a victory you can win over them all.

'TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

But little more than two weeks remain of the present term. At the end of that time some of the lucky ones will start for the mountains, others for the shore and lakes. Let us all renew our health and vigor so as to fit ourselves for the new school year. The past year has been a glorious one for Barringer. Our athletes covered themselves with glory. Our scholastic record was excellent. What more could we ask?

THE ACROPOLIS wishes to thank the pupils for their support and trusts that the school will give even greater support to the new board next fall. THE ACROPOLIS takes this time to wish both scholars and members of the faculty a pleasent vacation.

AN UNWORTHY TENDENCY.

Why is it, that in this country the sight of a uniform, until just lately, provoked smart remarks from the corner loafers?

When a small boy in the uniform of a Boy Scout, or Junior American Guard passed along the street he was frequently taunted by derisive remarks. Now this has been somewhat changed by the frequent sight of uniformed militiamen. But still the spirit remains. The reason that it is not openly manifested is that it is now a case of dealing with full-grown men.

In Europe, one is accustomed to see army officers and men in uniform so often that the sight of one does not seem strange. The uniform is taken for granted. But in this country, because they are a somewhat infrequent sight, your corner lounger needs must indulge in some smart witticism.

The other morning, some mounted militiamen rode by Barringer during a fire drill. A perfectly harmless remark was passed by a student. The militiamen misunderstood it, and were quick to resent what they thought was an insult to their uniform.

No American would think of wantonly casting a slur on this country's livery, so why pick on small boys, who are fitting themselves to defend their country? It seems cowardly to us.

TO THE NEWLY ACQUIRED MEMBERS OF THE BOARD.

The Board for next term has been completely renovated and made over. A new head, new assistants, new department chiefs.

Now, new members of the Board, don't get the notion that it's "all over but the shouting." Put your shoulder to the wheel and heave hard, throughout the term.

After you've been on the Board for about three issues, you'll get an idea that there's no one who can run the paper better than little old "me." We all did—once. Anyone who really and truly thinks so, can just step up and have a try.

But if you were running the paper, you'd want every person on the whole Board to pull a full stroke for every count. Well, so do we. We not only want a full stroke each time, but we want lots of pep in every stroke.

Take your coats off, roll your sleeves up, get behind Boyce and give a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

You've got a long summer ahead to rest up in, but when its over, we want you back with a spring in your step, a punch in your devotion to the ACROPOLIS, and a head chuck full of new, snappy ideas.

ECONOMY.

Recently we heard that some small friends of ours, the school children of Moorestown, Burlington County, did something which some of the greatest capitalists have failed to accomplish. They utilized the unusual conditions of this country, turning them into cold cash for their own benefit.

You see they wanted a thousand dollar piano, and as no Mr. Carnegie volunteered to help them out, the school children got busy, earned the money, and bought the baby grand.

How did they earn it? That is what appeals to us. They gathered up all the old paper they could find in their homes until they got a respectable sized bundle. Then they sold it. The war and other forces have tripled the price of old paper—which fact helped the youngsters greatly. Not only because they have a piano—thriftily acquired by their own efforts, but because they have learned a valuable lesson in economy these children are to be congratulated.

They have turned the waste of old paper into an asset, for old papers, as a rule, are burned up and thrown away as useless. Of course it takes a hundred of these to acquire any substantial value, and bales and bales to buy a baby grand.

However, these children are economists. Would that the fathers and mothers, not only in Moorestown, but in the whole state would follow in their footsteps. This big idea, of turning waste into money, is applicable to everything—even to the smallest of enterprises. Let us be more thrifty in little things and talk less about the high cost of living.

HONOR ROLL FOR MAY.

4A Room 55. Paul Compieschio, Milton Finkelstein, Edith McEwen, Lillian Pomeroy, Harris Mendelson, Irving Ams, Isidor Kaplan, Saul Zucker.
Room 81. Mary Edsall, Ella Bradner, Marion Hough, Miriam Fischel, Dorothy Gutzat.

4B Room 31. Edna Walls, Yardley Chittick, Virgil Pennington.
Room 51. Emma Antz, Harold Benjamin, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Frank Leibe, Walter Weinberg.
Room 65. Rachel Bradley.

3A Room 26. Frances Grosset, Mildred Hammell, Desmond Hunter, Harry Schaffer, Marguerite Schlueter.
Room 32. Dorothy Van Ness.
Room 56. Jean Urquhart.
Room 61. Mary Fisher.
Room 63. Sophie Levine, Blanche Halsey.

3B Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller, J. Murray Duguid.
Room 41. Nathan Brodetsky, William Gleim, Edmund Cox.
Room 50. Isabelle Allen, Bessie Johnston, Jean Judson, Marion Smith, Teresa Walsh.
Room 66. Muriel Gray, Elsie Steinmetz, David Wallman, Mabel Yelton.

2A Room 37. Anna Kabis, Anna Trolan.
Room 42. Julius Stein.

Room 45. William Fleishfarb, Osmun Harding.
Room 67. Ruth Kilpatrick, Louis Zuckerman.
Room 76. Estelle Kamn.
2B Room 33. Dorthy Hedden, Charles Brewer, Samuel Friedlander.
Room 35. Richard Sweet.
Room 57. Sidney Ramo.
Room 59. Dorothy McEntee, Frances Gardinier.
Room 60. Dorothy Work.
Room 75. Sophie Coppersmith, Florentine Jauss, Clara Miller, Mildred Schlueter.
1A Room 82. Sherman Corwin, Lucille Jessurun.
Room 85. Katherine Wicks, Philip Nohemie.
Room 86. Celia Nolbert, Lena Olshan, Matilda Strasburger.
Room 87. Helen Sichel, Morris Wichstein.
Room 91. Bernice Cooper, Louise Durand, Margaret Mashek, Mary Meeker, Walter Scott, Walter Schroeder.
Room 92. Isabelle Cary, Gertrude Weister.
1B Room 83. Ethel Carter, Emily Eckel, Charles Caddock, Jr., Harry Haussling, Russel Zabriskie.
Room 85. Mary Rudnitzky.
Room 86. Irving Bortnicker.
Room 87. Florence Taylor, Evelyn Thompson.
Room 91. Florence Meyerson, Jerry Manfio.
Room 92. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsopp, Aurela Lawshe, Doris Lindsay, Irma Leitz, Helen Mawha, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner, Stanley Doremus.
Room 95. Aaron von Poznak.

A LIST OF CORRECTIONS.

Owing to various reasons, there have been an unusually large number of mistakes in the Honor Roll list for the past few months. An effort has been made to retrieve as many errors as possible, and it is hoped that the following list will make up for disappointments of students whose names failed to appear on the Honor Roll when they should have appeared.

2A Room 42. For April: Hyman Levy, Jeanne Lutz, Rose Stammelman.
Room 76. For April: Helen Davenport, Albert Del Guercio, Cecil Dolan, Harry Goodman.
1B Room 85. For April: Herbert Antz.
Room 86. For March: Irving Bortnicker.
Room 95. For March: Phillip Tannon.
Room 92. For April: Helen Alcott, Arline Allsopp, Katherine Duguid, Aurela Lawshe, Doris Lindsay, Charlotte Stearns, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner.
1A Room 85. For April: Janet Anderson, Louis Huckman, Phillip Nohemie, Stanley Reid, Morris Sklaw, Katherine Wicks.

JEANNE D'ARC.

"In the midst of my dreams there came to me
An angel, majestic and fair to see,
Who said, 'Up, Jeanne, God calleth thee
To battle for France and Liberty!' "

So in trust and with prayer she girt on her sword
And led forth the French in the name of the Lord.
But vain it is ever and foolish a thing
To put one's trust in an earthly king!
For after the victory, the priesthood did make
The judge to decree she be burned at the stake.
Ah, spite condemnation, and suff'ring, and pain
God's Hand Turned the verdict of Witchcraft to gain.
For her soul passed on to its fair home above
And Time filled the hearts of the French with great love.
With rev'rent devotion her deeds they enhance
And call her "Inspired" and the "Savior of France."

ALICE C. EVERDING, '17.

Ecker—Hey! Where are you going?
Hedden—Crazy!
Dan—Well you haven't got very far to travel.

Idler—What's the matter with this one?
Berry—Well, it can't spell any better than I can.

Idler is thinking of joining the cavalry of the Essex Troop, being very proficient in riding either horse or pony; we think he will succeed.

Mr. Fields—Company, form fours!
Hersh—There's five in this four!

Prof.—What is steam?
Stude—Steam is water going crazy with the heat.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST.

For our regular Memorial Day Exercises this year we witnessed with great pleasure the Prize Speaking Contest usually held in the evening. We certainly enjoyed the speaking. At twelve o'clock books were shut with a bang and we gathered in the auditorium and listened to the following speeches:

1. The Character of Robert E. Lee,
Thos. Nelson Page
JAMES BERRY
2. A Man Without a Country. *Ed. Everett Hale*
JULIA E. CLARK
3. Back in War Days.....*Pauline Phelps*
LILLIAN HANDLER
4. A Plea for Cuba.....*Senator Thurston*
IRVING GIBSON IDLER.
5. The Arousing Riders.....*Hagadorn*
CELINA ROWE
6. Gettysburg Speech.....*President Wilson*
WILBUR RIKER
7. The Smithy of God.....*Clement Wood*
MARGARET JACOBY
8. Citizenship .....*Senator Frye*
ALFRED LIPPMAN

We were all held in suspense while the judges decided the winners. The first prize to the girls was given to Miss Jacoby and the first to the boys to James Berry.

Between the speeches the following selections were given:

1. Solo—*The Recessional*.....Fred DeHart
2. Violin Solo.....Benjamin Potaker
3. Solo—*My Native Land*.....Myra Kohn

The Annual Prize offered by the Daughters of the American Revolution for the best essay on some patriotic subject was this year awarded to Philip Grossblatt. Honorable mention was given to Celina Rowe and William Higgins.

MORNING TALKS.

The morning talks given by members of the history classes during the last month, have been upon most interesting and timely subjects.

Some of the topics were: President's Message, Fred Glasser, May 1st; Mr. Balfour, Mary Fisher, May 21st; Dr. Anna Shaw, Edith Potaker, May 23rd; Mr. Viviani, Gladys Paulus, May 24th; Prison Reform, Anne MacCarren, May 25th and Marchel Joffre, Emma Antz, June 1st.

These talks at morning assembly have been greatly enjoyed; we hope they will be continued next term.

THE BARRINGER RADIO CLUB.

The Barringer Radio Club was organized under the supervision of Mr. Jayson, last May, by a group of three or four enthusiastic telegraphers studying electricity in the physics classes. These were soon joined by other amateurs in the school so that the club now has about fourteen members. After a trip of inspection to South Side High School, as a result of which the boys profited by the experience of the sunny-siders, they quickly applied to the Board of Education for permission to erect an aerial on the roof of Barringer.

This being granted, the boys immediately set

to work to make a set of apparatus from material mainly contributed by various members of the club. A fair set was soon completed and last term such important news as the results of the world's-series and some of the college football games was received at the station.

The meetings are held twice a month, after school in the wireless room. Interesting talks have been given by the students on the theoretical and practical side of the subject. At the first meeting of this term Dudley Foster presented plans which he had prepared for several kinds of receiving and sending sets so that one might be chosen by the club to use this term.

This is really a branch of the Science Club, but through paying dues to the latter, the boys have assessed special dues with which material has been purchased to construct a more comp-lete set of apparatus. The location of Barringer is excellent for a wireless station and the boys had almost a complete set when the governmental order to dismantle such stations was received.

Nothing daunted, however, work has gone steadily on. At least an hour every meeting is devoted to code rules and practice. Foster and Salzman have been coaching the less proficient in the art of sending and receiving messages. Not being satisfied with such a short time for practice the enthusiasts are now meeting every Tuesday and Friday morning at 8.15 for fifteen or twenty minutes work. Several boys are planning to take examination for licenses. In these days of war and preparedness this seems a very useful organization which every boy at all interested in the subject might profitably join.

4B SOCIABLE

Like everything(?) else the 4 Bees do, the sociable was a great success. When the seniors had gathered in the gym and were just beginning to settle down to chatter, Mr. Milwitzky called for a Paul Jones and led the procession in grand style. Following the march, dancing was indulged in until a member of the 4B sociable committee came in and announced that the "eats" were ready. Then even the 4A's forgot to be formal, and scurried to the lunch room, where ice cream and homemade cake were served. It was discovered that a number of teachers who had declined to come to the dance happened to wander into the lunch room, and at just the right time, too!

After the refreshments had been served, the seniors went back to the gym, and danced until half-past five.

THE ROSTRUM.

One of the best debates of the season was held on Thursday, May 3. The question read: *Resolved*, that the United States should send at once an expeditionary force to France. Emma Antz and Adda Stoddard spoke for the negative, and Virgil Pennington and Westley Jamieson for the affirmative. While the judges were making their decision, Mr. Barr, the club's critic, complimented the speakers for what he termed a "really excellent debate." He said that the arguments of both sides were direct and to the point, the reputations unusually good, and the speakers were so well prepared for the debate that they scarcely needed notes. He expressed his surprise at the remarkably fine work of Miss Stoddard and Pennington, who had never debated in the Rostrum before.

The judges found it difficult to render a just verdict, but finally decided in favor of the negative.

A short business meeting followed the debate. There was a heated discussion as to the naming of the prizes to be given to the two best debaters of the 3A classes. The final vote decided that the first prize should be called "Mr. Barr's Prize."

THE GIRLS' DRILL.

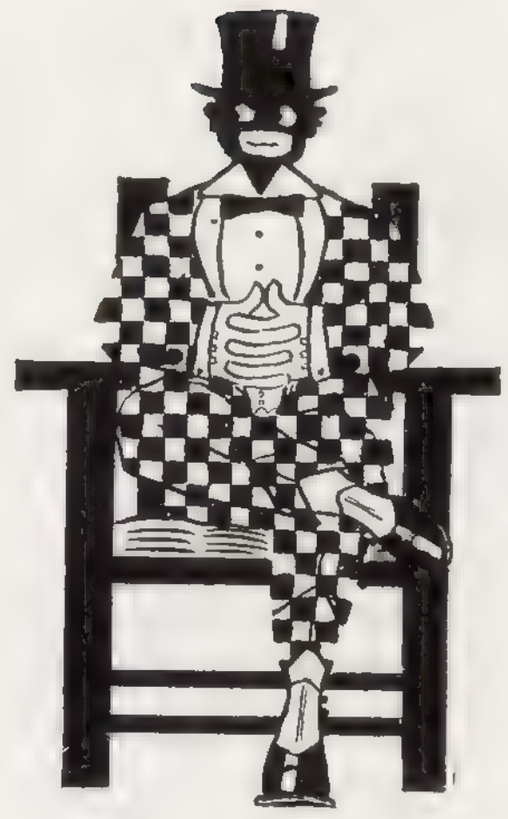
Under the direction of Miss Patrick and Miss Punzelt, the Girls' Department of Physical Training gave an exhibit of their work. The public performance took place Friday evening, May 11. The gymnasium was filled with parents and friends who came to see what Barringer girls could do. We know how well the girls upheld Barringer's reputation.

The following program represented regular class work. The dancing and apparatus classes have met voluntarily after school once a week since January first.

Selection .....School Orchestra
Swedish Exercises.
Folk Dance .....Demonstration
Apparatus.
Aesthetic Technique.
Military Marching.
Selection .....School Orchestra
Aesthetic Dance .....Gretchen
Game .....Medley Relay
Aesthetic Couple Dance.....Playfulness
Group Dance .....Pastorale Gavotte
Selection .....School Orchestra
Interpretative Dance .....Daisies
Finale Dance .....America
Indian girl—Marian Bardsley.
Puritan gentleman—Margaret Jacoby.
Dutch boy—Marie Poland.
Quaker girl—Mary Meeker.
Colonial gentleman—Anne McCarren.
Girl of To-day—Josephine Florence.

At the conclusion of the dance, Josephine Florence presented an American flag to the school, from the members of the Girls' Department. Miss Patrick and Miss Punzelt were very much pleased with the response from the girls, and they appreciate the hearty coöperation given them in this work.

Well, Mr. Bones?



NORMAN BERRY, *Ch.*
WALTER TAYLOR
SANFORD GREGORY
STANLEY JACOBUS

Cashimura Nogo

J. Warner Bellah.

(He are become farmererist.)

Having great patriotic ideal of to be soldier and to serve country I am become farmererist on farm near (name deleted by censor) N. J.

I am chief cook and bottler wash for 10 (ten) cow, three (3) horse, (forty) 40 chicken, 1 (won) cats, 2 (too) dog, three (3) farmererists, and Cashimura Nogo.

I say to myself interogatively? "which rather do. Pass Latin by study Latin or pass Latin by sitting under beautifuls tree in country" I deside democratically.

I go. I am here. But not all here because ten lbs. (pounds) are gone by work.

Soon as I come, other 3 (three) farmererists nock off work and say anonymously "Let Cash do" Per example.

5½	A. M.	Are up.
5¾	A. M.	Are get breakfist for four.
6	A. M.	Are drive cows way way.
6¼	A. M.	Are feed horse (3) three.
6½	A. M.	Are feed chick chick (40) forty.
6¾	A. M.	Are rake up yard of house.
7	A. M.	Are clean out stable (which need it much).
8	A. M.	Are wash dishes.
8½	A. M.	Are chop two (2) cords wood.
9¼	A. M.	Are start to plow.
10½	A. M.	Are cart off three lodes of stone from plow field.
11	A. M.	About now I start to work.
11¼	A. M.	Are hoe potatoes wich are turrible hard for Latin stude.
12	M.	Make grub-grub for four.
12½	P. M.	5 min. for lunch.
12¾	P. M.	Are wash dish.
1	P. M.	Are cut 250 birch tree for been pols.
2	P. M.	Are curry comb horses (3).
3	P. M.	Are clean two wagons, buggy and carriage.
4	P. M.	Are grind 3 ax.
4¼	P. M.	Are go to find cow which are (10) in morning but genral only 3 at nite.
4½	P. M.	Milk cow (wich are turrible hard for Latin stude).
5	P. M.	Are get grub-grub for four.
5½	P. M.	Are wash dishes (wich are turrible hard for Latin stude.
5¾	P. M.	Are feed chick-chick wich are (40).
6	P. M.	Are feed horses (3).
6½	P. M.	Are walk 5 miles for mail.
7	P. M.	Are sweep out kitchen.
7½	P. M.	Are drive out cows way way.
7¾	P. M.	Are tie up dog doggy.
8	P. M.	Are mend two broken chairs.
9	P. M.	Head farmererist come to Cash and say "Yew may hev the rest of the day off!"—I faint!

If I live threw this I will join the Army because they only work 30 hours each day there.

Yours for a fine vacation—Cashimura Nogo.

Teacher to Barney—Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

Ed.—No, I thought he lived at the White House.

IN MATH.

Teacher (to Miss Bardsley)—What is the liquid measure?

Marion—Two *Gils* one pint.

Teacher—Nuff sed!

PERSONALS.

35.

Pauline—Do you like to go to dances?

Miss Raridan—Oh! I just love to: I never refuse anyone!

Miss Angel—You—fiber!

SANCTUM.

Miss Ricketts—I think those personals are awful!

Sachs—Not when they let your stories get by!

HOT STUFF!

Prof.—Why is it that on a certain point on a trolley line all the lights get dim?

Lippman—I guess it must be because the motorman was drinking all the juice!

HEARD IN 42.

At a country fair last summer, upon looking for a lodging, I was told there was an inn, inside the fair grounds. Thereupon, I went in. This inn was called the "Inside Inn" presumably because it was inside the fair grounds. So I went in, into the "Inside Inn" on the inside and said to the clerk who was inside a desk inside the "Inside Inn." "Is the proprietor of the "Inside Inn," in?

He said, "No, the master of the "Inside Inn" is not inside the "Inside Inn" and because he got sick on a "Merry-go-Round" outside the "Inside Inn" he is outside the "Inside Inn." Then I went outside of the "Inside Inn."

IN CHEM.

Prof.—This powder is made from shavings of a cow's horn.

Higby—What's the formula?

Voice in rear—Bulz.

25.

Mr. M.—This man can sing 13th century songs as no one else can sing them.

Corinne—So can I!

COPIED FROM AN EXAM.

Inertia is that property of matter that keeps a substance, already moving in motion when suddenly stopt, and which keeps a substance already at rest, still at rest when suddenly set in motion!

THE HUMAN RACE!

Julia (to Lippman)—Would you walk away like that if I started to talk to you?

Lippman—No, I'd run.

OH, NO!

Teacher—Sit up Himber! You look lazy, *though of course* you're not.

Mr. Stearns—The colors of the American flag look good anywhere!

Strahan doesn't see why they have to stick P. G's way in the gallery in the auditorium. Cheer up, Barton!

Miss K.—I have a very vivid imagination.

Miss A.—Yes, you think you know something, but you don't.

Tom Schneider (in English)—After Modred was killed, he fatally wounded King Arthur.

Roberts—What is scientific salesmanship?

Lippman—Scientific salesmanship is selling a full dress-suit to a man who goes into a store to buy a celluloid collar.

Angililo (baseball game)—Come on fellows, three ripe raspberries for Sachs.

In Math.—What's the value of II.

Brightness—It all depends on the size. Small ones are a nickel.

Schlosser—I have an uncle in the South, who is a planter.

Tom Schneider—Yes?

Schlosser—He is an undertaker in New Orleans.

Mr. Fields (to Mr. Stone)—Can you swim?

Mr. Stone—No, I am a Stone.

Wonbee—I would not like to sit in the twenty-sixth row of any theatre.

Ditto—'Smatter, your unlucky number?

Wonbee—No—too cold—it would be Z row (zero).

Miss Hill (in Solid Geometry)—Is that plain?

Storch—No, it's solid.

Carrington—My father carried a drum in the Revolution.

Harrison—I suppose that when he saw the enemy, he beat it?

Zucker—Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coop?
Boob—I did not know they did. Why?
Zucker—To keep the chickens from picking the grain out of the wood.

Mr. Metzger—What is an idiom?
Edyth—A word that you can throw in any place.

Kaiser—How can you find a girl out?
Salzman—Call when she is not at home.

Pucillo (observing Duke fooling with his watch)—What are you doin?
Duke—Trying to kill time.

Mr. Fields—Stop using such dreadful language.
Candidate—Shakespeare used it.
Mr. Fields—Well then, don't speak to him again. He is no fit companion for you.

Miss Coult—Name two poets of the Romantic Period.
Brilliant—Sheats and Kelly.

Teacher—What kind of a sentence is that?
Riker—That is a long one.

Fred DeHart
JU**D**d Neal
A**S**hton Phillops
Tom **S**chneider
Dan **E**cker
Bart St**R**ahan
Shaffer

Ten Ey**C**k
Louis Richie
G**U**s Elmendorf
Al**B**ert Sachs

AND ANOTHER FOURTH.

Ams—I see about one-fourth of the area of the United States is still covered by forests.
Kalodin—And another fourth, I expect, by mortgages.

Jacobus (smartly)—I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon. He had a thousand wives.
Mary Edsall—Yes, but he learned his wisdom from them.

SUSPICIOUS STAMMERING.

Pilling—Er, er-er. Um, Ah, Er-he-he.
Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.

Teacher—Now, Jamieson, would it be proper to say: "You can't learn me nothing?"
Wesley—Yes, sir.
Teacher—Why?
Wesley—Because you can't.

PROOF.

Kaplan—He is as stubborn as a mule.
Katzin—Yes, he always puts his best foot backwards.

Won Bee—What is a monologue, sir?
Connor (learnedly)—A monologue, my boy, is a conversation a teacher carries on with his class.

OUR STUDIES.

We lay our burdens down at night,
  Dream of them till the morn; and then
We scarcely wait till it is light
  To crawl back under them again.

Mildred Lynch—I hear Sachs is expanding his short story into a book.
"Kitty" Martin—Yes, he says the plot is a novel idea.

Beekman Schaeffer, Germany's pride,
Has now begun to hit his stride;
He gobbles up learning at a terrific pace,
And we only hope he can stay in the race.

Saltzman—I saw you in school to-day!
Sachs—You must have gotten lost!

Potaker (answering question)—Why-er-er—
Miss Coult—Yes. Why? That's what I want to know.

Potaker—Was Charon a shade?
Mr. King—Well, he was made of the same substance as the gods above.

DEFINITIONS.

Suitor—One who tries to suit himself.
Subsidy—A Government pension for the rich.
Sickness—The Lord's present to doctors.

Now the year is over
  And as exams draw nigh
Dark forebodings overcome me
  And deeply do I sigh.

So moan all the students
  Who never get their work;
And may it always happen
  To those who try to shirk.

Finkelstein—Are you going to ask us everything that we don't know?
Pete—That is impossible; you have only forty-five minutes.

SHARP WIT!

Teacher—Why does a tiger have teeth and claws?

Stude— So he can catch on to things.

Teacher—Those who get poor marks this month had better make up their minds to do better next term!

A WET ONE.

Miss Belcher—The streets of Boston are very peculiar. I remember a Milk street and a Water street running together.

PHYSICS.

Idler—Well, you see the liquid is made in the form of a powder.

4A—Say, can you tell me what those letters MDCDXVII means?

4B—Sure, 1917.

4A—Well, don't you think they are carrying that spelling reform too far?

IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

Barney—Give me some angel cake.

Waitress—I'm sorry, but the best we can give *you* is Devil's Dream.

Teacher (to Poland who is making out a food menu)—Why, Addison! Don't ever eat German toast and French croquettes, or you will surely get indigestion!

Spencer Condit—Why does Cornelia Sayre want all that tinfoil for?

Ten Eyck—Why, to foil the enemy!

SOME WAY.

Thorne (with small scales)—Come here Fred, I'll weigh you.

Stauffer—Not that weigh.

If ignorance is bliss why is it that Lippman is so happy (not in Physics)?

GOOD NIGHT!

Teacher—What's the meaning and derivation of equinox?

Dreamy—*Equi* from *equis*—horse; nox-night; nightmare!

LOST AND FOUND COLUMN.

(Advertising Rates gladly furnished.)

Lost.

Lippman's pull with Mr. Jason.
Some harmony (by the Harold).
Sanctum (Gone but not forgotten).
Barney's reputation (ask him, he knows).

Found.

A new look on Wood's face (when the senior ACROPOLIS came out.).

Gregory (speaking of Barney)—I'll bet he's got something up his sleeve.

Barling—No, only his handkerchief.

Prof.—How many of you believe in the evil eye?

Gentle Voice—Gee, if we did the teachers would have us all scared stiff.

OH! OH!!

Miss Coult (talking of Women Suffrage)—Who represents those women who have neither husbands or brothers?

Bright Stude—Some of them have sons!

A beauty show is to be held in the Sanctum. Boyce and Sachs have gone into training. Boyce got a hair cut and Sachs a shave; wonders will never cease.

Lost—A bag containing three lunchroom rolls, and a stick of candy, owner's lunch for a week. No reward.

Lost—A perfectly good reputation. Owner frantically trying to regain it.

Lost—Some of the color and epidermis from Julia Clark's face.

Found—Barney's goat. Apply at Sanctum.

Found—One grain of knowledge. Is it possible that it could belong to a Barringer pupil?

Found—Incriminating evidence against Dear Tommie.

Student (translating)—Her blond hair flew around!

A speaker on the platform said, "Ladies and gentlemen—and members of the faculty."

YE GODS!!

Norman H.—Say, Irv, we need a new typewriter.

BREAKING THE MONOTONY!

Prof. (giving order to countermarch)—Now turn around and go back!

WHO'S LOONY NOW?

Gibson—What's the next experiment?

Gaiser—The simple cell.

Irving—Well, when do we have the padded cell?

Gaiser—Any time you're ready.

FAMOUS PORTRAITS.

Ashton Roberts in overalls on a farm!
Julia Clark studying five hours!

Vivian—Freshies, of course.

Professor—What would you call a person who pretends to know everything?
Freshie—A Senior.

First Stude—What don't you understand about that process?
Second Stude—I don't see why they use glue.
First Stude—Oh, that's what sticks you?

Mistress (to new cook)—Bridget, has the furnace gone out?
Bridget—Sure, mum, Oi haven't seen it come through this way at all yet.—*Ex.*

Waiter (in German)—*Wasser?*
American Girl (flustered)—No; Wellesley.—*Ex.*

Mr. Dunn—What does H. C. stand for?
Zucker—High cost of living.

Dr. Matthews—What is a by-product of the oil industry?
Ruth Patrick—Oilcloth.

John—Do horses ever bray?
Schlosser—Neigh! Neigh, my child.

Frosh—Do all nuts grow on trees?
Shalet—Yes.
Frosh—I wonder what you looked like when you were picked?

Pennington—What is the greatest warring nation in the world?
C. Smith—Give me something easy.

BORROWED WIT.

FIGURES.

They had never met B4,
But what had she 2 care:
She loved him 10 derly,
He was a 1,000,000 air.

—*Ex.*

H. S. Senior—Do you serve lobsters here?
Waiter—Yes, sir, we serve everybody. Sit right down.—*Ex.*

Mother—Jack, how does it happen you stood so much lower in your studies in January than in December?

Jack—Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays, mother.—*Ex.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

"God loves the Irish," said Mike to Pat as they were taking up the pavement on Fifth avenue.

"He does that," answered Pat as he looked up and saw Andrew Carnegie whizzing by in a big limousine, "but he seems to help the Scotch."—*Ex.*

Lady of House—Say, Dinah, did you clean the fish?

Dinah—Why should ah clean dat fish? He done lib all his life in de wattah.—*Ex.*

Teacher—Who can tell me how to punctuate this sentence: "A five-dollar bill flew around the corner?"

Bright Student—I'd make a dash after it.—*Ex.*

A. Bility—Keep away from warm butter, its contagious.

Brilliant—What are you talking about—warm butter contagious? Where's the connection?

A. Bility—Sure—warm butter is contagious. It spreads easily.—*Ex.*

Vivian—Seniors are not what they used to be.
Lena—What did they used to be?

And when at last, from near and far,
Our soldiers hurried on to war,
Eager to bear the battle's brunt,
"What motives took them to the front?"
He asked the boy. And that bright lad
Made answer, "Locomotives, dad."—*Ex.*

Chittick—Gee! I have an awful headache!

Miss Florence—Why, how is that?

Yardley—Well, I was in the gym. and I was struck by an idea!

Kolodin—I can't get this trot at all! I always finish on the wrong foot!

Edith Potaker—Yes, on mine.

JOHN FOSTER, Ch. ..
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE

JOHN JENNINGS
MARCO ANGELILLO

BARRINGER SCRUBS SUCCUMB TO THE ROOKIES OF EAST ORANGE.

East Orange seconds put it over our second team. It was a most interesting game. Roth pitched fine ball until the sixth when he went up as high as a balloon. In the course of this ascension, E. Orange scored three runs and sewed up the game. We came back in the seventh when Mahon, our peppy little backstop, came across the rubber on two errors and an infield out, but no more runs materialized, leaving the final score, three to one. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
B. H. S.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1	3	5
E. O. H. S.....	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	—3	4	2

Batteries; Barringer, Mahon and Roth; East Orange; Slover and Aschenback.

BARRINGER WINS N. J. I. A. A.

Barringer won the New Jersey Interscholastic Athletic Association's twelfth annual track and field meet at City Field, May 26, 1917. Bartels, of Stevens, the individual star of the meet, scoring first in four events, namely, the discus, in which he broke the N. J. I. A. A. record, the 120-yard high hurdles, 220 low hurdles and the shot-put. He was later disqualified on account of being over age. Our school gave a fine performance, and due credit should be given to Coach Fields. Particularly fine was the work of Witsell, Gregory and McKim, who captured first in their respective events. The summaries:

Barringer—81 points.
East Orange—79 points.
Montclair—5 points.
Stevens—No points.

100-yard dash—1, Seymour Coe, E. O.; 2, George Henning; 3, Gilbert Meeteer, E. O.; 4, Mack Barber, E. O. Time, 10m. 2-5s.

220-Yard Dash—1, Mack Barber, E. O.; 2, George Henning; 3, Seymour Coe, E. O.; 4, Leon Shackelford, B. H. S. Time, 24 4-5s.

440-Yard Run—1, Gilbert Meeteer, E. O.; 2, Yardley Chittick, B. H. S.; 3, Edward Gibbins, B. H. S.; 4, Leon Shackelford, B. H. S. Time, 55 1-5s.

880-Yard Run—1, Clarence Fortescue, E. O.; 2, Yardley Chittick, B. H. S.; 3, Anthony Westroff, B. H. S.; 4, Lewis Lewinsohn, Montclair. Time, 2m. 10 4-5s.

One Mile Run—1, Clarence Fortescue, E. O.; 2, Milton Condit, B. H. S.; 3, Robert McCoy, Montclair; 4, Edward Moore, E. O. Time, 5m. 1Cs.

Running Broad Jump—1, Sanford Gregory, B. H. S.; 2, Donald Walker, E. O.; 3, William Roth; 4, John Phair, E. O. Height, 5 ft. 5 1-8 in.

Discus Throw—1, James Carangelo, B. H. S.; 2, Gilbert Gregory, B. H. S.; 3, Charles Frazer, B. H. S. Distance, 11 ft. 7 in.

Pole Vault—1, Fred Witsell, B. H. S.; 2, Francis Walton, B. H. S.; 3, W. Holt; 4, Allan Becket. Height, 10 ft. 8 in.

Javelin Throw—1, James Carangelo, B. H. S.; 2, Kenneth Carrington, B. H. S.; 3, Gilbert Gregory, B. H. S. Distance, 131 ft. 7½ in.

Shot Put—1, Edward Gabriel, E. O.; 2, Allan Becket, E. O.; 3, Gilbert Gregory, B. H. S. Distance, 38 ft. 8½ in.

220 Low Hurdles—1, Russell Holt, E. O.; 2, W. Holt, E. O.; 3, Clifford Gibbins, B. H. S. Time, 28 2-5 s.

120 High Hurdles—1, Russell Holt, E. O.; 2, W. Holt; 3, Clifford Gibbins. Time, 12 flat.

JUNIOR EVENTS.

100-Yard Dash—1, Clarence McKim, B. H. S.; 2, Anthony Wostroff; 3, John Matthews; 4, Milton Coe, E. O.

Running Broad Jump—1, Clarence McKim, B. H. S.; 2, John Matthews; 3, Ralph Ruckenthal, B. H. S.; 4, Edward King, B. H. S. Distance, 19 ft. 2 in.

BEST GAME ON SCHEDULE.

Montclair cinched the N. J. S. A. A. baseball championship when she defeated us in a hotly contested game at Montclair. Both teams scored in the fourth. Gregory was given a free pass, stole second and scored on Murphy's single through short. From then on neither team scored until the tenth when Turner, our slab-man, passed Foster of Montclair, then with one out Rose, the heaviest hitter in the league, came up and smashed one of Turner's offerings to the tennis courts, sending in the winning run. It was a hard game to lose but we gave them our best. The game was replete with thrilling stops and daring base running in which we took part. The score:

	A.B.	R.	IB.	S.B.	S.H.	E.
Sosnow	..	..	...	..	..	..
Berg	4	0	1	1	0	0
Poole	4	0	1	0	1	1
Gregory	3	1	1	0	0	0
Pavese	5	0	0	0	0	0
Murphy	5	0	1	0	0	0
Chittick	5	0	2	0	0	0
Maize	3	0	3	0	0	0
Turner	3	0	0	0	1	0
†Crooks	1	0	0	0	0	0
*Browning	..	..	..	..	..	..
Totals	39	1	9	3	2	1

	A.B.	R.	IB.	S.B.	S.H.	E.
Senior	5	0	2	0	0	0
Foster	4	1	1	0	0	0
Meyer	4	0	0	0	1	0
Rose	5	0	2	0	0	0
Kobler	4	0	0	0	0	1
Hanks	4	0	0	0	0	0
Stopford	3	1	0	1	0	0
Redall	4	0	2	0	0	1
Hipkins	4	0	2	0	0	1
†Ives	1	0	0	0	0	0
*Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	..
Totals	37	2	9	1	1	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R.	H.	E.
Barringer	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1	9	1
Montclair	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2	9	2

"CITY CHAMPS."

At last we have jumped into our own. Not literally jumped, but batted, fielded and played our way into the championship of Newark, the thirteenth greatest city in the world. It was a great game. Things went along smoothly for both sides until the fourth. Then Sosnow was walked. Berg popped to the pitcher, and the hostilities began. Seaman lost control and walked Poole, then Gregory swatted the old pill for two sacks, sending in Poole and Sosnow. Whow! He hit Parese. Then up comes Murphy and connects for a one timer, sending in Pavese for fourth run of the season. After that Seaman seemed to have the "Indian Sign" on our boys, retiring them in order. But, Gregory, who was pitching the game of his life, held South Side safe, and our boys attended to the rest.

The score:

Barringer.

	A.B.	R.	IB.	S.B.	S.H.	E.
Sosnow	4	1	1	2	0	2
Berg	4	0	1	1	0	0
Poole	3	1	0	1	0	0
Gregory	3	1	0	1	0	0
Pavese	3	1	1	0	0	0
Murphy	4	0	1	0	0	0
Chittick	3	0	1	0	1	0
Crooks	3	0	0	1	0	1
Turner	2	0	0	0	0	0
*Sutton	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	4	4	4	1	3

South Side.

	A.B.	R.	IB.	S.B.	S.H.	E.
Kohn	5	0	1	0	0	1
Lewis	5	0	1	0	0	0
Weismuller	4	0	0	0	0	0
Thevenet	3	0	1	0	0	1
Budish	4	0	0	0	0	0
Seaman	3	0	0	0	0	0
Kitterer	3	1	1	1	0	0
Berkomeyer	3	1	0	0	0	0
Gardner	4	1	3	0	0	0
Totals	34	3	7	1	0	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Barringer	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	—4	4	3
South Side	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	—3	7	2

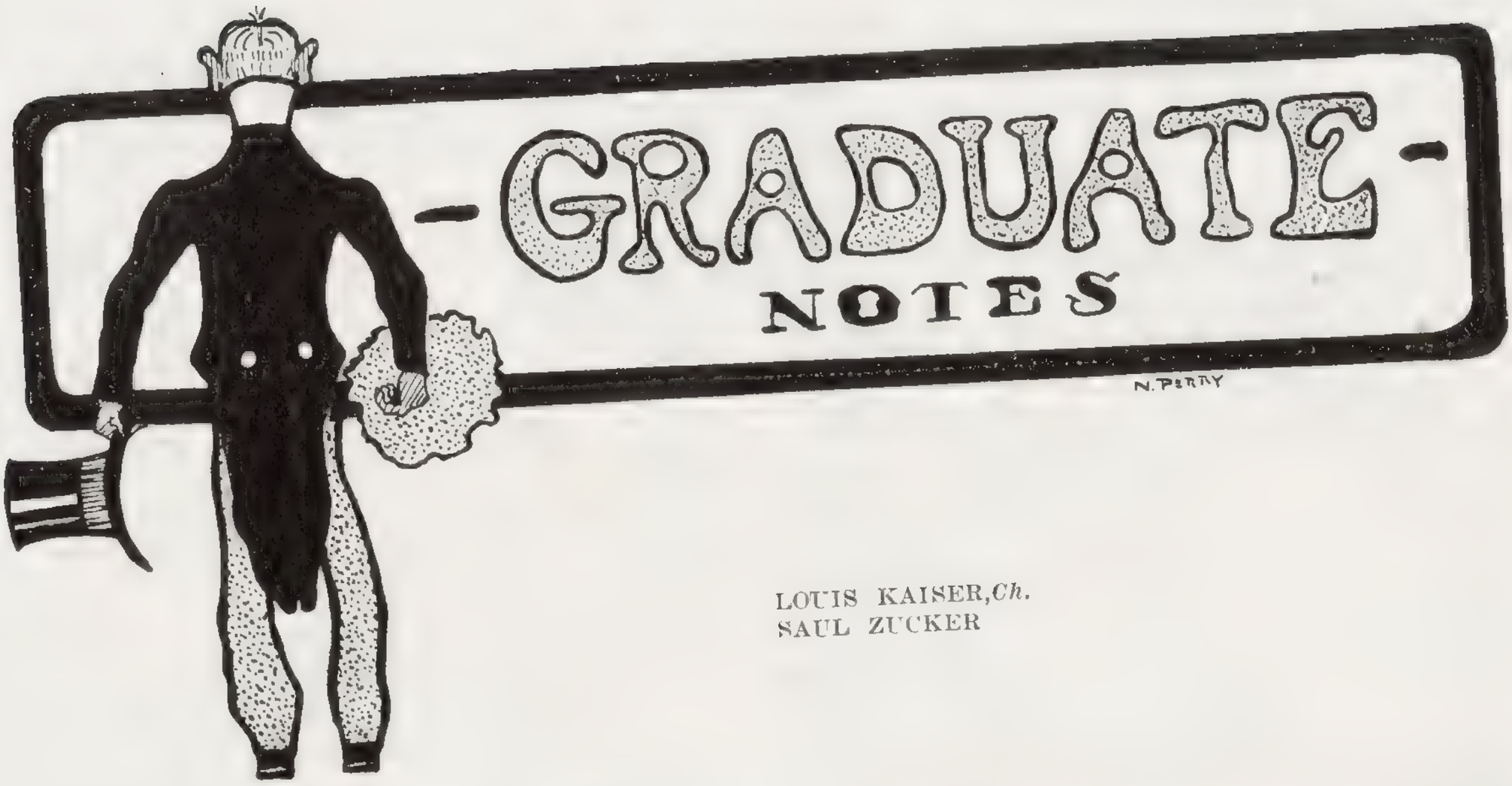
WE SHOW CENTRAL THE WAY.

At the City Field on May 16, 1917, amid a nasty drizzling rain, we showed Central how the national pastime ought to be played. We slammed Padalino, a former Barringer boy on the mound for Central, to all corners of the field, collecting twenty-three hits for a grand total of twenty-one runs. Turner pitched a great game, holding Central in the palm of his hand at all stages of the game, while by way of disproving the belief that a pitcher can't hit, he connected for four safeties. The score:

Barringer

	A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	S.H.	E.
Sosnow	7	2	2	1	0	2
Berg	6	2	2	1	0	0
Poole	7	4	3	0	0	0
Pavese	5	3	2	2	0	2
Gregory	6	3	4	1	0	0
Browning	3	0	0	0	0	1
Foster	4	0	2	0	0	1
Murphy	3	0	0	0	0	0
Turner	6	2	4	1	0	0
Roth	0	0	0	0	0	0

(*Continued on page* 31.)



LOUIS KAISER, *Ch.*
SAUL ZUCKER

PREPAREDNESS AT OLD PENN.

When the call to the colors is issued, it will not find the University of Pennsylvania asleep. The Quaker boys, although somewhat slow in starting, are now placing themselves on a war footing; and when necessary will place themselves, well equipped and drilled, where the Government finds services for them to perform. Of course, the biggest effort is being made along distinctly military lines, although preparedness has invaded every department of the University.

Military training as an optional branch of work was first begun along in January and up until that time, very little thought had been given to it. At the first call, about four hundred and fifty men turned out; enough to form three companies of war strength. Then came the rapid chain of events which made thinks look badly for the country and in less than three weeks, over twenty-one hundred men had enlisted. This at once placed Penn. at the head of American Universities in the number of men under military training.

The men have been issued the regular army rifles from the Philadelphia Navy Yard and are rapidly mastering the manual of arms, close order and extended order drills. They are gradually being fitted out with uniforms and are being drilled daily on the Campus, by a staff of competent drill masters, among whom are numbered a United States Army Cavalry Major and several captains and lieutenants of the reserves. As soon as a company is put into some sort of running order by these officers the company is turned over to student officers who put on the finishing touches.

But the military line is not the only one which is being followed in the great move for preparedness. Many men have left school already to go West and work on farms and all receive credit for their year's work at school. The college department of the University will have closed long before this goes to press in order to allow the men to place themselves where they may be of service when the time comes.

Rumors have been circulated that the students of the Medical, Dental and Veterinary Departments would be exempt from conscription, since they will be needed and badly needed in case of trouble and must therefore finish their respective courses as quickly as possible. It has also been said that in order to accomplish this end, the students would be kept at school all summer, the junior classes being graduated next February and the freshmen a year from September. This is as yet entirely unfounded, but the Dean of the Dental School who is the chairman of the national board, which has to do with the supplying of dental goods, etc., is now at Washington, and will probably issue the real "dope" on his return.

And so in these ways Old Penn. is doing her might towards serving the flag and when the time comes she will be found where she has been in all our other wars, right at the front.

ALLAN G. BRODIE, '19, Barringer, '16.

DARTMOUTH.

DARTMOUTH is a little different from the other colleges in the fact that it is practically isolated from the world, the only binding link being the Boston papers, which we receive daily.

For the benefit of those who know little of Dartmouth, it is situated at Hanover, New Hampshire, a very picturesque New England town. There are about a dozen stores, four of which are barber shops and three are book stores.

All this makes a lasting impression on the freshman. During the first week of college, everything is done for his comfort and pleasure, but this is only preparation for the other things that follow. The following week, a form of initiation called Delta Alpha begins. During that time, the freshman leads a miserable life. He performs many queer antics and parades around in pajamas to the great amusement of the "sophs," the upper classmen, and the visitors. Each time a "freshie" wishes to enter a dormitory, he must kneel down and offer a specified prayer to the sophomore class. Each morning the "freshies" of each "dorm" assemble at 7 A. M. and as the bell rings, they remove their freshmen caps, which they had donned the first day of college, and cheer the sophomore class. The last night of the week is most terrifying. On this night is held what is called the "Chamber of Horrors," and it surely is not an improper title. The freshmen football players are exempt from most of these initiations.

Because of her isolation, the spirt of Dartmouth is without parallel. The fellows are thrown together and they have to know one another whether they wish it or not. This custom is quite different from that of some colleges where men of the same section pass on the street without so much as an "hello."

The freshmen are allowed to remove their caps at the first snowfall which occurs early in November. Once it snows enough to cover the ground, earth can never be seen until after Easter vacation. It gets very cold, several times the thermometer drops to 36° below zero. But the boys wear big sheepskin coats, and as the air is dry, one doesn't feel the cold very much until it gets 30° below zero.

Shortly after Christmas vacation and the mid-year exams, we have our Winter Carnival. This is one of the big events of the year, the other being the "Prom" in May. During the carnival, each fellow has "his" girl up for the week, during which there are intercollegiate ski and snow shoe races, ski jumping, and other outdoor sports. Besides this, the dramatic association presents a play, and there are numerous dances. The carnival dance takes place in the "gym" and lasts until 5 A. M. The "gym" is properly decorated for the occasion with fir and holly. The decorating is done so artistically that one really imagines he is dancing in the woods. The dance is the grand finale of the carnival.

WE SHOW CENTRAL THE WAY.

(*Continued from page 29.*)

Gordon	3	2	2	0	0	0
Crooks	2	1	1	0	0	0
Chittick	1	2	1	0	0	0
Totals	53	21	23	6	0	6

Central

	A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	S.H.	E.
Metrione	4	2	2	0	0	0
Cody	2	0	0	0	0	2
Buckman	4	1	0	0	0	1
Greenblatt	4	0	0	0	0	1
Pistoles	4	0	0	0	0	2
Risley	4	0	1	0	0	2
Padalino	4	0	0	0	0	1
Galinski	4	0	0	1	0	0
Davies	3	0	0	0	0	0
Herowitz	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	3	3	1	0	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Barringer	0	1	2	4	0	1	1	8	4	21	23	6
Central	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	9

4 BEES.

A joint meeting of the 4B and 4A classes was held in the science lecture room on May 7th. Professor McClellan of the New Jersey Law School, gave a most interesting and enlightening address on "The War." Mr. McClellan spoke very seriously of the dark and seamy-side of the great struggle, and of the sacrifices which it demanded. His audience was deeply impressed by his clear and forceful explanation of America's stand in this war, which is being fought to make the world "safe for democracy."

After Mr. McClellan's address, the 4B's gathered in room 31 and discussed, rather informally, the class colors, sociable, and gift. President Terhune appointed Alena Rowe, chairman, Agnes Bradley, Emma Antz, Sara Smith, Lambert Pickwick and Wilbur Riker to serve on the sociable committee.

Votes taken a few days later showed that the majority of the 4B's preferred to entertain the 4A's with a sociable rather than a picnic. The date set was Friday, June 1.

Exchanges

RUTH CAIRNS, *Ch.*
MARIAN AMANN
HELEN CLARKE

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of these exchanges for the last month:

Comet (Glen Ridge), *Artisan* (Bridgeport), *Alleynian, Argo, Brown Daily Herald, Boys' Lantern, Clarion, College News, Curtis Monthly, Columbia Alumni News, Campus, Cornell Era, Collinsville Echo, Daily Princetonian, East Orange News, Franklin, Forum, Howard Times, Helios, Ingot, Junto, Key, Knick Knacks, Kernel, Lasell Leaves, Lit, Lafayette, Mirror, Owl, On Bounds, Onward, Princeton Pictorial, Punch Bowl, Polytechnic, Prep, Rutherfordian, Sphinx, Shuttle, Student Lantern, Spectator, Skirmisher, Shucio, Syracuse Daily Orange, Sketch Book, Tech Monthly, Tripod, Targum, Torch, Valkyrie, Wesleyan Argus, Williams Record, Wesleyan Literary Monthly, Yale Alumni Weekly, Yale University Bulletin, Orient.*

The Student on a whole is very good. The athletic department is the strong point of your paper and the pictures of the teams are very interesting. A few more stories would add greatly. Why not have the literary department precede the editorials? Come again.

THE STUDENT,
CRANFORD HIGH SCHOOL,
CRANFORD, N. J.

The cuts are very clever. The joke department contains lots of pep. Your exchange department is very large, but why don't you criticize some papers? Your literary department is weak. You certainly have a number of ads, so we understand how you can run such a fine paper. What about a table of contents?

THE FRANKLIN,
FRANKLIN SCHOOL,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Your paper has a very neat appearance. We see you receive quite a few exchanges, but we fail to find any criticisms. Your literary department is complete and interesting. The patriotic section surely gives spice to *The Chronicle*. It shows lack of form to open the paper with editorials, why not literature first?

HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE,
DANBURY HIGH SCHOOL,
DANBURY, CONN.

Here's a fine little paper. We admire the diction of the *Athletics* and *Exchange* editors! The athletic write-ups are snappy and sportsmanlike. Exchanges ought to be acknowledged in alphabetical order and more papers might be criticized. "Table Manners" is very witty, as well as the rest of your jokes. Call again next year; we like you, *Omnibus*.

OMNIBUS,
HIGH SCHOOL,
FRANKLIN, PA.

Wanted: some good material for this paper! Not only is the *Orange and Black* small in size, but its art is simply rotten, at best fit for a grammar school. It would be much easier to find the exchanges if they were alphabetically arranged. Your departments should be definitely separated, with *good* cuts at their tops.

ORANGE AND BLACK,
WASATCH ACADEMY,
MT. PLEASANT, UTAH.

The best part of your paper for May is its excellent jokes, and, in fact, there's a pleasant atmosphere pervading everything that quite appeals to us. Your literature is good and editorials are fair. But your exchange write-ups are rather brief, don't you think? We hope to enjoy the *News* again next fall.

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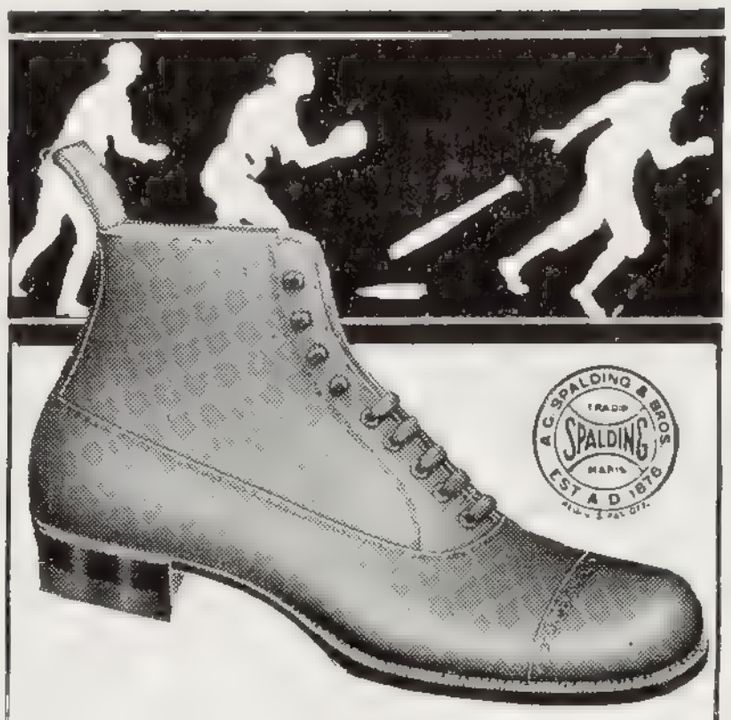

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